Vol. III. No. 14. Total 118.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *April* 2, 1803.

Griselidis.

A TALE.—CONCLUDED.

AFTER two such severe trials, Gautier ought to have been perfectly convinced of the obedience and submission of his wife, and not thought of afflicting her again; but some suspicious minds are never satisfied, and, when once they have begun, take the greatest delight in tormenting others.

The Marchioness not only appeared to have forgotten her double misfortune, but to grow every day more gentle and affectionate. Gautier, nevertheless, intended to torment her again. When his daughter was twelve years old, and his son eight, he wished to have them return to him, and wrote to the Countess his sister to bring them herself. At the same time he had it reported every where, that he was going to be divorced from this wife, and to take another.

This cruel report soon reached the ears of Griselidis: they told her that a young lady of birth, and very handsome, was soon to be Marchioness of Saluces. You may suppose how much she would be shocked at the idea of such an event taking place. She, however, summoned all her resolution, and waited patiently for her husband's commands.

He sent for her one day, and, in the presence of some of his barons, said to her——

"Griselidis, for twelve years that we have lived together, your company has always given me pleasure, for I have regarded your virtue more than your birth; but my subjects wish me to have an heir to my estates, and the Pope has permitted me to take a wife more suitable to my rank. She will arrive here in a few days, therefore prepare to resign your place to her. Carry back your dowry, and summon all your resolution."

"My lord," replied Griselidis, "I well knew the daughter of Janicola was unworthy to be your wife; and in this palace, of which you were pleased to make me mistress, I take God to witness, I never returned him my fervent thanksgiving for that honour, without acknowledging that unworthiness. As it is your will, I shall leave this place without regret, where I have so long lived happily, and return to the cottage where I was born, and where I can still render to my father the cares and attentions which I was forced to trust to a stranger. As to the dower you mention, you know, my lord, that, with a pure heart, I could only bring you poverty, respect, and love. All the clothes that I have worn belong to you: permit me to leave them, and take again those I had on when I came, which I have carefully preserved. I here restore to you the ring with which you married me.—Poor I left my father's house, and poor I will return; except in the honour of being the irreproachable widow of such a husband!"

The Marquis was so much affected at this reply, that the tears came into his eyes, and he was obliged to leave the room to conceal them.

Griselidis, leaving her elegant clothes, jewels, and other ornaments, put on her former humble dress, and set out for her native village, accompanied by a number of knights and ladies, whose tears flowed for the loss of such an amiable woman. She alone did not weep, but walked silently along, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. They arrived in this manner at her father's, who did not appear at all astonished at her return, for he always had his doubts of this marriage ending happily, and thought that sooner or later, the Marquis would be tired of his daughter, and send her back again.—The old man tenderly embraced her, and, without shewing the least grief or anger, returned thanks to the company who attended her, and exhorted them to be loyal, and love their sovereign. But what sorrow must Janicola inwardly have felt, when he considered that his daughter, after having enjoyed all the pleasures of life, must in future want for even common necessaries! but she did not appear to feel it, and supported her father's courage.

At length the Count and Countess de Empeche, with the two children, and a large party of friends, arrived within a day's journey of the Castle. The Marquis, to complete his last trial, sent for Griselidis, and said to her——

"Daughter of Janicola, my intended bride arrives to-morrow; and as no person in my palace knows what I like so well as you do, (and I wish particularly to receive her, my brother and sister, and their friends in a noble manner,) I would have you to take charge of every thing; and above all, the reception of my bride."

"Sir," she replied, "I have so many obligations to you, that, while it pleases God to spare my life, I shall always think it my duty to do any thing that gives you pleasure."

She then went to give orders to the officers and domestics, assisted them in every thing, and prepared the nuptial apartment destined for her whose near approach had driven herself from it.

When the young lady appeared, far from shewing, as might have been expected, some emotion at the sight of her, or being

ashamed of the keys she wore, she went to receive her, saluted her respectfully, and conducted her to the apartment which she had prepared. By a secret instinct, for which she could not account, she was charmed with the children, and never ceased looking at them, and praising their beauty.

At the dinner hour, when all the company were assembled at table, the Marquis sent for Griselidis, and shewing her his pretended bride, to whose native charms was added the most magnificent dress, asked what she thought of her.

"My lord," she replied, "you could not have chosen one more beautiful, or more pleasing; and if God favourably receives the prayers I shall daily make for you, you will live happy with her. But, oh! my Lord, I pray you spare this wife the bitter pangs the other suffered; for, being younger, and more tenderly brought up, she would soon die of a broken heart."

At these words the tears came into the Marquis's eyes, and he could dissemble no longer, but cried out—

"Griselidis!—my beloved Griselidis!—it is too much! To prove your love, I have done what no other man under heaven could have thought of, and have found you obedient, tender, and faithful!"

He then approached Griselidis, who had modestly bowed her head at these encomiums, and, clasping her in his arms, moistened her cheeks with his tears; and added, in the presence of all the company—

"You, most incomparable woman, are her alone in the world that I should think worthy to be my wife. My subjects, as well as yourself, have believed me to be the murderer of my children, but they have only been sent away from you; and my sister, to whose care I entrusted them, has brought them back here. My son and daughter, fall at the feet of your respectable mother."

Griselidis, unable to support such extreme joy, fainted away; and when, by proper assistance, she recovered her senses, she pressed her children to her heart, kissed and wept over them so long, that they could scarcely take them from her. All the company sympathized with her, and nothing was heard but sounds of joy and admiration: and this feast, which the Marquis's love had prepared, became a triumph for his wife.

Gautier sent for Janicola to the Castle, whom he had hitherto appeared to neglect, on account of his wife, and paid him great respect during the remainder of his days. The husband and wife lived together for twenty years in the most perfect harmony, and saw their grand-children around them, and their son succeeded them, to the happiness of their subjects.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The following EULOGIUM, *commemorative of the virtues of* ROBERT W. MORGAN, *was delivered before the* WASHINGTON SOCIETY, *at their request.—By R. V.*

IT is with the greatest diffidence I rise to address you, my friends, on this solemn subject. It is with the utmost humility I contrast my abilities with the theme that now occupies your attention; and I feel that no language or expression of mine can do justice to the occasion. But let us consider, that to consecrate the memory of those we esteem, to record their virtues, and to celebrate their praise, has been the laudable practice of every age, and the grateful duty of every people. I cannot help, however, expressing my regret that your choice had not devolved on a person more suitable than myself to expatiate on the merits of the deceased; but I submit my will in obedience to your's; and crave your indulgence whilst I exert my feeble endeavours to revive in your remembrance the character of our departed friend.

Blessed with a good natural understanding, aided by study, he bid fair to become an ornament to society; but, alas! those pleasing expectations are blasted in the bud, and, to our sorrow, MORGAN has been summoned to an early grave. My friends, have you not experienced that he had a heart susceptible of tender and generous feelings?—Was not his friendship sincere? To this I presume you will all assent. Towards his parents he was dutiful—to his relatives affectionate.—Among his schoolmates and youthful companions his manners were conciliating and engaging, and his deportment manly. His heart was so susceptive of those fine feelings which adorn human nature, that had it pleased the all-wise CREATOR to have prolonged his life to manhood, few, if any, were more likely than our departed friend, to become useful to society, and a blessing in particular to that part of our fellow creatures who have experienced the *heavy pressure of poverty and want.*

Who can bestow a just meed of eulogium on a character like his? or who is there now among us, that, in taking a retrospective view of his short journey through this transitory scene of existence, that will not drop a tear over the ripening virtues of MORGAN!

His indulgent parents mourn a favourite son, and we a beloved companion. Altho' possessed of so many amiable qualities, he was no doubt removed for purposes wise, but to us unknown.—This reflection should restrain our grief, and administer consolation to our minds. But here I am absorbed in melancholy contemplation, and ask, Where is that pleasing form that so recently presided over your deliberations?—It moulders in the grave!—What awful emotions does it cause!—Ought it not to awaken in our breasts a serious consideration of the frailty of sublunary enjoyments? and does it not distinctly inform us, that all things are swiftly passing away?

Having thus endeavoured to give a brief sketch of some of the most prominent features in the character of MORGAN, our departed, and much lamented friend and companion, it only remains for me to thank you for the attention you have shewn to so imperfect and feeble an attempt.

But before I consign this small tribute to its destination,* permit me to add, that, although he is now an inhabitant of the *tomb*, we may cherish a fond hope that he rests beyond the reach of trouble—and that his virtues will live with undiminished strength in our remembrance.

NOTE.

* It was the intention of the author to have committed it to the flames, but by the persuasion of some of his friends, he did not.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

I OBSERVED in your last number of the Repository, that Mr. Candour charges me with asserting a *point blank* falshood, some time since, respecting the game of Billiards, and proceeds to inform us that he will state a few *brief facts*, wherein he will prove that what I have said respecting the game is all fallacious.

We will in the first place examine what Mr. C. grounds his charge upon.

I have asserted, that to play a game at Billiards with a friend (to pass a necessary hour of relaxation from business) when there is *nothing* at stake, is not gambling. I make the same assertion still; but Mr. C. says that I "deny, point blank, that to play at Billiards is gambling," here he seems to insinuate that I deny that to play at Billiards,

under whatever circumstances you please is gambling; Mr. Candour has taken care not to mention the particular circumstances under which I stated the case, viz. when *nothing* was at stake; I think this assertion of his has forfeited every claim he has to the name under which he has issued his *spurious offspring* into the world; he stiles himself *Candour*, and at the same time endeavours to affix the most opposite construction that he could possibly invent to the real meaning of the question. How such conduct accords with his title, I leave for others to determine.

We will now examine Mr. C.'s brief facts, in which he was to prove what I have asserted, to be falshoods.

Mr. C. says, that it is well understood, that the loser of the game pays 6 cents for the table; we will say nothing of the length of time that they play, or the number of games that may be played in the evening, because if it cannot be proven that the 6 cents paid for playing one game is gambling, neither can it be proven, though a thousand games were played. We allow then that 6 cents are paid for the use of the table; but how is this gambling? The parties derive no advantage from it; it is no bet between the parties playing, (and without a bet there can be nothing won). The owner of the table gets this 6 cents; for what? for the wear and tear of his table, not for any bet between him and the parties; or between the parties themselves. But Mr. C. will say, there is money lost, wilfully lost. By no means lost, you pay this 6 cents under the idea that you have derived its worth of pleasure from playing the game. I would just ask Mr. C. (as has been asked before) how are you to enjoy pleasure without expence?

But I had almost forgot that Mr. Candour says, we must have some *grog* when we play, which is a stake; this is by no means an indispensible rule in playing the game; altho' Mr. Candour may be of a *thirsty* disposition, yet all that make use of this elegant and manly amusement, are not so.

But, Sir, his next is a most stubborn fact; I must confess, that when I came to this point, where he tells us that to gamble is to gamble, I was stunned with the truth of his assertion; and at the heels of this he brings in such a brief fact, in the pretty little tale of his friend, ("at one time as honest a youth as could be found any where,") that I had well nigh given up my cause: and then his assertion, that what he had said on the subject was an "impartial view" (and who dare deny what Candour asserts) closes his list of brief facts.

But instead of ridicule, let us turn the eye of pity on this simple youth. In the first place, poor fellow, he don't know what the question is that he was writing upon; in the next place he has exposed his associates by his *grog* and his *riots*; and lastly, from the drift of his discourse, he plainly proves that he has been bit by some deep ones, and he is now disgusted.

I will just give one word of advice and be done. That as you are incapable of supporting the name you have taken, you had best renounce it, and take that which your own conscience will suggest, and don't bore us to death with any more of your brief facts.

TEN-LOVE.

IPECACUANHA.

THIS American root is the mildest and safest emetic that has yet been discovered. It is a little wrinkled root, about the thickness of a moderate quill; rough, dense, and firm. One sort is of a dusky greyish colour on the surface, and of a paler grey when broken; it is brought from Peru, by way of Porto-Bello. The other is a smaller root, resembling the former, but of a deep dusky brown on the outside, and white when broken, growing plentifully in the Brasils, especially about Carthagena. The grey is most esteemed in physic, though the brown is most used, as being most easily procured. There are several false species of this root, which are sometimes sold in its stead. The genuine Ipecacuanha has scarcely any smell, unless during its pulverization or infusion in liquor, when it emits a faint nauseous one.

WIT.

WHO can define the meaning of that poor monosyllable, WIT. The usurer thinks it means cunning; the libertine supposes it to consist in debauchery; and the young buck thinks it lies in breaking windows, and knocking down watchmen. The lawyer esteems himself a witty man when he quibbles; the collegian when he puns; and the fine lady when she scandalizes her neighbours. The hummer is never so witty as when he tells a lie with a grave face; nor the jockey, as when he takes in a knowing one. In fact, there is no one word in the English language which admits of so many different meanings; nor respecting which people have such contrary ideas: yet in this they have agreed in all ages—to mistake wit for wisdom.

THE VOCABULARY OF LOVE.

(CONTINUED.)

Countenance.—A gay, smiling one, in a coquette, signifies encouragement; that she would be glad to enlist as many lovers as possible; that she would wish to see the men sacrifice her best friends to her; and that she keeps open a refuge for all deserters; that nothing but joy and mirth are to be found in her service; and that not to be in love with her, is to be one's own enemy, and defraud one's self of the pleasures of gaiety and unreserve. A cold, serious countenance in a mistress is an admirable expedient; when artfully employed, it leads to every thing, either a reconciliation or a rupture, just as she shall see fit. After a quarrel, it signifies that she will keep up the dignity of her sex, and give herself the pleasure of hearing her lover make new protestations. If this does not succeed, she may put on a tender countenance; but in this, the occasion, the humour of her lover, or her own passion, generally determines the difference.

Cruelty.—This expression does not so much signify the insensibility of a mistress, as the impatience of a lover.

Cupid.—The God of Love, born out of the poets' brains, who paint him a child with wings, a quiver on his shoulders, a bow in one hand, a torch in the other, and a bandage over his eyes; all which emblematically signify, that he is figured like a child, because those who deliver themselves up to love, part with their reason for the silliness of that age. His bow and arrows denote his power to wound and pierce; the bandage over his eyes, his blindness; the torch, the light he carries for others, and not for himself; his wings, his inconstancy.—This allegorical personage is, however, entirely banished from prose, and is even scarcely suffered in the modern Parnassus.

Curiosity.—A desire of knowing whether one's wife or mistress is true to one. It is never a happy one. The author of Don Quixote has there inserted a novel, called "The curious Impertinent," in confirmation of this assertion. He compares women to a glass, which no wise man will dash against the pavement to see whether it will break or not. Have you any doubts of a woman's faith, never seek to satisfy them; the least it will cost you is, the repentance of your curiosity. It is waking the sleeping lion; a woman may resent an unjust suspicion, and

revenge it by giving it a foundation in fact. Distrust absolves faith.

Danglers.—An insipid tribe of triflers, with whom the women divert themselves, in perfect innocence, when they have nothing better to do. They are in a class of beings beneath their monkeys, parrots, and lap-dogs.

Death.—This word is ever to be understood metaphorically, and carries no sort of terror with it. It is even so stale that it now goes for nothing. The death of a lover is so much in course, that it is as inevitable as in nature; for if the fair is kind, he is to die with joy, if otherwise, of grief, and both equally.

Despair.—Driving to despair formerly signified reducing a person to the last extremity, sending him to hang or drown himself. It has now no such terrible signification.

Difficulties.—They are the zest of a passion that would often flatten, languish, and die, without them. They are like hills and tufts of trees, interspersed in a country, that interrupt the prospect only to make it the more agreeable.

Enchanting.—A term much used in the white art, the magic of love. An enchanting fair one, &c. This word, like that of charms, irresistible attractions, &c. is founded on the grand principle, that praise always pleases: and that, however one may at first distrust these expressions, they are soon received as obliging truths. In general, however, it is a word of much more sound than sense.

Faithful.—A faithful lover is a character greatly out of date, and rarely now used but to adorn some romantic novel, or for a flourish on the stage. He passes now for a man of little merit, or one who knows nothing of the world.

Fashion—Governs the world; it regulates the morals, the way of thinking, dressing, eating, writing, entertainments, pleasures, every thing. In love, it exercises a perfect despotism; heroic love is now out of fashion, and constancy an exploded virtue.—A man of fashion is a man who has insinuated himself into the hearts of two or three women of reputation in gallantry. It is merely a chance, or some lucky incident that confers this title. Miss Lightairs has taken an unaccountable fancy to some coxcomb as worthless as herself. This is spread about, and the curiosity of all the coquettes is a-tiptoe, to know whether a woman who passes for a knowing one is in the right to have made such a choice. They all have a design upon him, some through downright whim; others out of jealousy, or emulation of beauty; others to be in the fashion. Then commences a kind of scramble for this hero of the day, whose reign is generally, however, of no long duration. A trifling incident raised him, a trifling incident destroys him; and he sinks out of fashion like any other bauble.

Fate—Destiny, stars, &c. Words of great help to young persons, who catch at every thing to cover or excuse their weakness. Medea is not the last, or only one, who made use of that word as a reason for doing a foolish thing. Many have, since her time, taken their fate or stars to task for the faults of their inclination.

Faults.—The person one loves never has any. Either the lover does not see them, or is as much reconciled to them as to his own. If they offeud him, he is so far from being a true lover, that he is scarcely more than an acquaintance, and less than a friend.

Fortune.—A man of fortune. When a wise, worldly-minded mother makes use of this expression, in an emphatic tone, to a daughter whom she is going to sacrifice to a sordid consideration of interest and maintenance, it means, that the man is worth nothing but his fortune. It strictly implies, by the rule of never calling a man by an inferior title, when he has an higher one, that he is not a man of worth, of honour, of virtue, of fine sense, but merely a man of fortune; a man of chance, one who would not, in short, have been a man in any sense but as made such by fortune. A gambler may, also, with great propriety, be called a man of fortune.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STUDY OF BOTANY RECOMMENDED.

THE study of Botany affords wonderful pleasure to every intelligent mind. The infinite variety of plants and flowers invite examination, and afford matter for a noble employment of leisure hours, they employ the most accurate search of the philosopher, and new wonders and beauties daily surprise and delight his mind.—In spring, when the heat of the sun gives life to the vegetable tribe; when the flowers of plants present themselves to the eye, they please and instruct every admirer. Cloathed in their beautiful and blooming attire, they attract the attention even of the negligent. Who can view a bed of flowers, and be silent with regard to their beautiful impressions? Who can examine their delicate textures, without praising their attractive charms? They afford a variety of pleasure and gratification to every rational beholder. A flowery lawn regales the sight, and inspires with new life and vigour. Dull is the imagination, and indelicate is the fancy of that person who does not feel highly pleased with the shapes, colours, and smells of plants. Their culture is innocent; their beauty is exquisite. What pleasure does it afford to a scientific mind, to see the female sex well acquainted with flowers! Perhaps no felicity can equal that of walking with an elegant lady, in a beautiful garden, and hear her speak with rapture of the attractive charms of their excellent and lovely productions; and see her countenance filled with delight, while she views those plants beginning to revive and flourish, which she planted and tenderly reared with her own hand.

It is ardently hoped that this study will be more generally cultivated. It is not an arduous attainment; neither does it require much skill. One may acquire much knowledge from walking among flowers with a friend, whose taste bends this way. Every thing yet known concerning plants, may be learned from Lee's Botany—Withering's, Darwin's Botanic Garden, and that which St. Pierre has written on the *leaves of plants.*

Every year the improving mind may discover new beauties. It will be a pleasing task to delineate and paint them, as soon as we can compare their different qualities, and judge of them to perfection. In this way, we will soon be able to judge of flowers, and form adequate ideas of the beautiful marks of those colours that are distinct and lively, from those that are less striking, and less admirable.

ANCIENT METHOD OF BOILING MEAT IN SCOTLAND.

AFTER skinning the animal, they placed the skin, loose and hanging in the form of a bag, upon some stakes: then pouring water into it, they kindled a fire below, and thus made it serve as a caldron or pot for the boiling of their victuals.—Their bread consisted of oat-meal, baked into cakes on plates of iron.

Whether such food or some other causes sharpened the minds of the Scotch, it is certain that no modern nation of the same number has produced so many distinguished geniuses in the arts and sciences, as Scotland.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No, 1.

THE perusal of the history of former ages is both pleasing and instructive. We there behold recorded the most sublime and affecting examples of valour, patriotism, and every virtue; and also of every vice that can debase human nature. The evils produced by the boundless ambition of a Cæsar, and an Alexander, are there pourtrayed in the most lively colours; and the examples of the great and good men who have fallen in the defence of their country, and of virtue, are held up for imitation.

The history of the actions and death of Leonidas excite various and pleasing emotions in the mind, and did the world at present possess his love of country, instead of being torn in pieces by factions, all would be peace and prosperity. His name has been handed down to posterity thus far, and the remotest ages shall know the glory of Leonidas. He fought for his country, he promoted its interests. The last action of his life proceeded from a sense of duty, and he fell with glory. Thus we see that a conscious rectitude of intention will enable a man to brave death in a thousand shapes, and

"Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
"In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
"He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
"And stand secure amidst a falling world."

HORACE.

The history of Aristides too, presents us with an example of the greatest virtue. His life was spent in defence of his country, he suffered banishment, and at last death from the hands of his ungrateful countrymen.

It was also in the defence of his country that Cato opposed the overwhelming power of Cæsar, which laid prostrate at his feet the liberties of Rome; but after holding out to the last—after having it in his power to say, "What man could do is done already," instead of submitting to the decrees of Fate,

"——————he turn'd his blameless hand,
"Against himself; and little did his death,
"Avail mankind; Cato did all for glory,
"And nothing for his country."

VOLTAIRE'S JULIUS CESAR.

His character presents to our view an assemblage of the sterner virtues, and a haughty and unsubmitting disposition; and altho' he deserves the appellation of patriot, yet a celebrated writer justly observes, that his character is more worthy of admiration than imitation.

The feelings of the patriot, whilst employed in the service of his country, are of the most exquisite kind. In endeavouring to promote its interests, success gives him joy, and his heart is filled with the most pleasing emotions; and although he may be unfortunate in his attempts, he has the consoling reflection, that he was actuated by the purest motives and wishes of promoting its interests, and advancing its glory. His breast is divested of all selfish motives; he fights,—he falls for his country. The tears of sorrowing thousands are shed over his grave, his name is engraven on the hearts of his grateful countrymen; and brighter trophies are raised to his memory than the greatest heroes ever gained by all their conquests and slaughters.

How does the name of Alexander or Cesar shrink from comparison with the patriot. Their desire of conquest, and love of dominion, which made desolate so many regions of the earth, which deprived so many nations of their liberties, and caused them to groan beneath the yoke of despotism; although, I say, these actions may excite our admiration, they must also excite our detestation.

The author of the tragedy of Alfonso, beautifully observes, that

"The peasant swain who leads a good man's life,
"And dies at last a good man's death, obtains
"In wisdom's eye wreaths of far brighter splendour,
"Than he whose wanton pride, and thirst for empire,
"Make kings his captives, and lay waste a world."

The history of more modern times presents us with examples of men eminent for virtue and patriotism,—of men who have struggled for their liberties, and have been defeated in their aims,—who have again resisted, and conquered, or fell amidst the applauses of the world.

The struggles of America, which excited the attention of later times, will in future ages afford an ample field for to exercise the talents of the philosopher, the historian, and the moralist. Posterity will read the history of our contest, and in reading must admire. It will excite in their minds a desire of preserving the liberties purchased by the labour and blood of their ancestors, and the spirit of SEVENTY-SIX pervading all ranks of the people, America will rise towering above the kingdoms of the old world, and eclipse the glory of the nations of antiquity.

PHILADELPHUS.

Moral Essays.

NO. IV.

On the Duty of Children to Parents.

(CONCLUDED.)

AS to you of my own sex, whose nature is fitted for the more active and hardy scenes of life, let it be your care to attend with the most persevering diligence to the means of instruction afforded you, and thus lay in a store of knowledge in your early days, while your faculties are vigorous and your capacity retentive; such as may qualify you to repay some part of the cost that has been bestowed on you, and that you may be enabled to assist your parents in the weighty cares of life:—Listen with the deepest attention to the instructions of him whose experience has been matured by time, and let not a false shame of restraint hinder you from obeying his commands—nor think with those who pride themselves in youthful knowledge, that *folly is concomitant with old age*. Look up to a FATHER as to a FRIEND, whose counsels may guide, and whose wisdom may protect you from the many dangers which, especially in great towns, are ready to swallow up the unwary—and let this truth be ever before your eyes, *that a dutiful son will in time be a respected member of the community to which he belongs*.—And now let me offer a few things more to the consideration of all, which I would wish to be remembered as the most important parts of our duty, and consequently the most worthy our attention:—never to disrespect our parents, because the hand of time presses heavy on their faculties; but on the contrary, to respect their very frailties—frailties which are incidental to human nature, and which from this very circumstance calls doubly for our attention and care. Are they not in themselves a sufficient anxiety to the persons possessing them? And shall we endeavour to render the remnant of their days more miserable? No;—surely not. Every one must, as they advance in years, grow more peevish, more easily irritated and harder to be pleased—but let our attention be redoubled on this account; and certainly we ought to do so, when we reflect that these very infirmities may have been encreased by an over solicitude about ourselves—this should also be attended to when the dispensations of Providence may have deprived *us* one parent, and our *remaining one* of a beloved companion. In this case all the duty we owe to both, centres in the survivor; and we should be parti-

cularly careful to render the irreparable loss as light as our attention can make it. If we should be left entirely destitute of natural protectors, let it be recollected, that we owe the persons whose care we are under, the same affection and gratitude we would have paid to our parents, provided they act a parent's part to us. Indeed the tie of gratitude should rather be increased from this consideration, that they did it entirely from a principle of good-will, which led them to adopt us as their own offspring, and deny themselves the gratifications of pleasure, in order that they might look to our welfare with the more undivided attention. Let such as have yet these blessings preserved to them, be more solicitous for that preservation—for never can the loss of a father or a mother be fully supplied to them by *human* aid; and therefore, we must in such events, look up for consolation to HIM who is our Heavenly Father—who has commanded us to honour our father and mother, on earth—and promised his blessing to those who observe this command.

ANECDOTE.

A Scotch judge, (Lord S—f—d) being in France, was seized with a species of *nostalgia*—a violent longing, for one of the many peculiar dishes of his country; but not having French enough to make the landlord understand what he wanted, he had recourse to a variety of signs, but with no better success. What was to be done in this emergency? The object was *important*, and in danger of being lost for ever! The casuists unanimously agree, that extraordinary cases justify extraordinary expedients.—The learned Lord, therefore, pulled off his wig, and, rubbing his close-shaved pate, eagerly exclaimed, "*Donnez moi une tête comme ça! une tête comme ça!*" The landlord ran down stairs as fast as if an *anthropophage* had been in pursuit of him; and, there was no saying what he might have done, if the *friseur*, who was a Scotchman, had not luckily come in, and interpreted his Lordship's *tête comme ça*, which meant nothing more than a singed sheep's head.

IMPROMPTU

On a Mrs. Trout being delivered of a son, who was afterwards named JONAS.

THREE days and nights asserts the sacred tale,
Jonas lay hid in belly of a whale;—
A greater wonder now by far's come out,
Jonas—from nine month's lodging in a *Trout*.

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER'S RHETORIC.

COME hither vid yourself, you little O'Shaugnessy, bring your primmer in your hand, and your copper in your fist—blow your nose, and hold your head up like a man; arrah now, don't be hunting the flies across the ceiling, but cock your eye, and look straight at your book.

You see that letter, which looks for all the world like the gable-end of your father's cabin, with a beam across it, now that is called A, agusee A;—and that letter, the next door neighbour, is name-sake to the little jontleman that sucks the flowers, fills the honey-pots, and carries a long sting at his tail; that is master B, and B stands for blubber-lip; arrah now, what makes you put out your lip so? Tuck in the selvage of your mouth, blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. The next is for all the world like the sign of the half-moon, where Judy Maglutery sells ale and whiskey; and that is called C, and C stands for coblers or coppers:—And you see that next that is for all the world like the broken handle of a pair of snuffers, that is called D, and D stands for daughter, agusee blubberlip cobler's copper daughter:—And the next is called E, which the English flats (botheration to them) call EE, as they were two of them. By my soul, they may as well say cheek-handkerchief, instead of check-handkerchief, though it was made for the nose: arrah, that's true, blow your nose again.

And the next you see, that is like a gibbet, with a little plug halt way up for the hangman to set his foot upon, (Heaven bless you, my dear, and keep your mother's son from the like of it, my jewel!) well that is called F, and that stands for five:—And that next is what the carmen say when they want their horses to go further, and that is called G.

And if any person should ask you now, which of your hands goes barefoot for want of a glove? you may say H, which is the same as both, and stands for horses; and J stands for jockies. And now, my little fellow, agusee blubberlip cobler's copper daughter, eat up five ginger-bread horses, jockies and all. Oh! mercy upon us, what a devil of a twist I have for scholarship! Now, my jewel, I've taught you one third of your lesson, and I'll teach you t'other two halves when you have knock'd the first under your scullap!—So now run home vid yourself, before the scalpions ate up the butter-milk and potatoes, my jewel.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I AM particularly solicitous that the following Epitaph should appear in your Repository. I perceive in the Chronology an apparent inconsistency; which, perhaps, some of your correspondents, who are acquainted with Scottish History, may be able to reconcile. To me it appears inexplicable.

JULIUS.

EPITAPH

ON MARGARET SCOTT.

STOP! passinger until my life you've read,
The living may get knowledge from the dead:
Ten times five years I liv'd a virgin life;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste,
Now tired of this mortal life, I rest.
I from my cradle to my grave have seen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and a queen.
Four times five years the commonwealth I saw;
Ten times the subjects rose against the law.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the Cloak was humbled by the Gown;
And an end of Stewart's race I saw—nay more—
I saw my country sold for English ore.
Such desolations in my time has been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

FROM THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FRIENDSHIP.

A SIMILE.

IMAGINE an aged oak rearing its exposed head alone on a barren hill—the rough blast whistles through its worn out limbs; the battering hail beats forcefully against its side; long it has braved the raging elements; long magnanimously withstood their fury!—but its strength now fails—exhausted and fatigued, with no friendly wood in part to screen it from the assailing storm—it groans a while beneath its fury, until at length, its body and its branches are severed and dispersed by the all-sweeping power of Heaven's electric ball.—So is it with friendless *Man*—the darkly-rolling waves of adversity incessant rush against him—the clouds, as bleak and rough they roll along the sky of sorrow, emit their sulphureous flames on his devoted head; amazed he stands!—no friendly arm appears to rescue him from the roaring cataract of ruin—prone falls the wretched creature, and sinks amidst the whirling waves, to rise no more.

AMICUS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

[From Domestic Encyclopædia.]

Mr. BOULARD, architect at Lyons, has lately invented a very simple preparation, attended with little expence or trouble, and admirably calculated to defend wooden materials from being consumed by flames, tho' exposed to their influence for two hours.—After many tedious experiments, he found that a solution of pot-ash is the most efficacious liquid for resisting the action of fire longer than any other fluid. That observation induced him to apply that subsistance in a kind of paint or coating on wood, which was completely rendered fire-proof, in the following easy manner: dissolve such a quantity of pot-ash in cold water as that fluid is capable of holding in solution, wash or daub with it all the boards, wainscoating, shingles, &c. which are intended to be prepared. Then dilute the same liquor with a little water; add to it such a portion of fine yellow clay as will make the mixture of the consistence of the common paint employed on wood; and lastly, stir it into a small quantity of flour paste, in order to combine both substances intimately. With this mixture all wooden materials ought to be coated three or four times, similar to painting work. Thus wood will be secured from the action of fire, though exposed to it for a time exceeding two hours; but the greatest advantage of this excellent preparation, consists in the circumstance that it prevents the wood from ever bursting into flames. Mr. Boulard remarks, that 20 pounds of sifted yellow clay, 1½ pound of flour for making the paste, and 1 pound of pot-ash, are sufficient to prepare a square rood (French measure and weight) of deal boards; so that the expences, when compared with the importance of the object, are indeed trifling. It is further deserving of notice, that even furniture made of wood, such as chairs, tables, &c. and particularly the stair-cases and the flooring of dwelling-houses, may be so far enabled to resist the ravages of the fire, that they are only reduced to coals, or embers, without spreading the conflagration by additional flames:—meanwhile, there are gained at least, two hours, during which, all valuable effects may be removed to a place of safety, and the lives of the family at the same time, rescued from danger.

USEFUL.—Stains, occasioned by fruit are readily removed from the clothes, by wetting them, and placing them near lighted brimstone; a few matches will answer the purpose. The sulphurous gas extracts the mark.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 2, 1803.

Benevolent Society.

THE Members of the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, are informed, that the next Monthly Address will be delivered on Saturday evening, April 2, precisely at half past 7 o'clock, in Mr. GETTY'S School-room, adjoining the Presbyterian church, the corner of Arch & Third-streets.—Free admission for strangers.

N. B. The Female Association are particularly requested to attend.

By order of the Society,

RICHARD WEVILL,
Secretary.

INTELLIGENCE.

ON Saturday evening last, the heavens were lightened by a luminous AURORA BOREALIS; for several years past this phenomenon has been rare. In the course of the night a very brilliant belt was several times displayed passing through the hemisphere from Northeast to Southwest. This wonderful scenery of the sky is among the arcana of nature;—and philosophy has not yet been able satisfactorily to develope the mystery of its origin and agency. [*Bost. Gaz.*

IMPROVEMENTS.

A Cheap method of using Candles has been invented by Mr. Ezekiel Walker, of London, which consists in using candles of ten to the pound, which are to be set in a candlestick, so placed as to form an angle of 30 degrees with the perpendicular. The advantages are, that candles so placed—first, require no snuffing; second, they give light of an uniform tensity, without the least smoke; and third, the steadiness of the light is supposed to be a great advantage to the eyes. Two small candles are better than one large one.

New method of Purifying Corrupt Water.

TO a puncheon of foul water, add half an ounce of allum, previously dissolved in a pint of warm water, which will render the former in 18 hours as clear as that of the finest Spring.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *John Mackey*, to Miss *Elizabeth Carson*, both of this city.

———, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Capt. *William T. Latting*, of Long-Island, N. Y. to Miss *Margaret Montgomery*, of this city.

———, lately at Holt chapel, in Dorsetshire, England, *Peter Thomas Hart*, aged 19, to Mrs. *Sarah Harris*.—This lady was a widow, who had already buried three husbands, the second of whom was uncle to Mr. Hart—she was sponser at the baptismal font to her present husband, and suckled him, so that he may be said to have married his nurse, and his god-mother.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 18th ult. Mr. *John Duffield*, for many years a respectable merchant of this city.

——, at Carlisle, on the 19th ult. in the 64th year of her age, Mrs. *Mary Weiss*, relict of Lewis Weiss, esq. late of the city of Philadelphia.

——, at the city of Washington, Gen. *Donald Campbell*. The disinterested part Gen. Campbell took in our revolutionary war on resigning his commission in the British army, and accepting one in the American, to defend the freedom and independence of the United States, cannot fail to command that respect for his memory, such distinguished worth is justly entitled to from every American patriot.

——, at Toulouse, in France, on the 23d of Nov. last, Mrs. *Eliza Andrews*, daughter of Mr. Thomas Neil, of York Borough, (Penn.) After her marriage, she accompanied her husband to Europe, under a hope, that a voyage and change of air, would restore her health which had for some time past, been declining.

——, lately, at Harrietsham, Kent, in England, in his 90th year, Mr. *Alexander Bottle*. The annals of this man's family exhibit an unprecedented example of Longevity—his great grandfather died at 83, his grandfather 88, his mother 86, his father 85, and one of his uncles 92—they all lived at Harrietsham.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ronaldo is informed that so many *Sonnets to Evening* have appeared in the Repository, that the subject seems to be exhausted.

Momus should consider, that ridicule ought to be sparingly applied to persons whose names are known.

If the "*Character delineated*" by *W. C.* was published, the public would be apt to charge him with envy; besides, its poetic beauties are probably *beyond mortal ken.*

The editor would advise little Master *Decorum* to apply to his tutor, Mr. *Birch*, to attend the next meeting of his sapient society: Mr. B. understands the whole theory of *keeping order.*

Is Flattery ESSENTIAL, *or prejudicial to human felicity?*—Mr. *Philomath*, if you are not already a member of Master *Decorum's* society, do, my boy, make application to become one.

Philadelphus opens fair—A continuation of the *Contemplator* will be acceptable.

Sam Scribler is informed, that a Dramatic piece, well executed, with a good moral, would be acceptable—His *Lines* shall appear next week.

The Philosopher, communicated by A. D. will be published. The editor returns his thanks to the gentleman for his inclosure; but informs him, that the *Tract* has been already published in Philadelphia, and is probably in the hands of most of the readers of the Repository.

Z. Y. X.—Caledonianus, and various other communications shall be attended to in due time.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following Letter and Verses are the production of a young Gentleman, deceased: they were originally addressed to a young Lady of this city, immediately after the death of her brother, and are now published at the request of the friends of the parties.

Winter's Run, Hartford County, Maryland, 8th mo. 11th, 1783.

BEING present at the interment of thy deceased brother, and in some degree sensible of that sorrow which overshadowed the minds of his mourning relatives, I felt my mind distressed in a manner better conceived than expressed by any language that I am capable of adopting, and fell into a train of thoughts profitably instructive, as well as mournfully pleasing: and under the consideration of the uncertainty of time, as well as the immediate necessity of a preparation for that decisive period hastening upon all flesh, retired from company and composed the following Lines,—which I make free to communicate to thy candid perusal, hoping they may meet a favourable reception; but if the contrary, I shall rest satisfied.

Thy eternal well-wisher.

HOW long, alas! shall Death's unsparing hand,
Triumphant rule with uncontrolled sway;
Or, oh how long permitted to command
New op'ning flow'rs to fade and die away.

Thro' nature's spacious round, says fate, he must,
Void of respect, fulfil the acts of God;
Cut down the lilies' pride, to mix with dust,
And make the stubborn oaks obey his nod.

Tho' arm'd with Time's keen scythe, yet oft old age
He spares, benumb'd in winter's dreary clime,
And cuts down youth—ev'n those who dare engage
In Virtue's cause, e'er they have reach'd their prime.

As such I deem our present loss of him,
Whom consanguinity had bound to thee
In ev'ry tender tie of true esteem,
Of social love, and purest amity.

But oh! how piercing was the sudden doom!
How unexpected was the warrant sign'd
To call him home!—his sun to set at noon,
And darkness dwell where morning lately shin'd.

One might have thought, (let human reason speak)
That Death was partial, or mistook his aim,
When length of days seem'd written on his cheek,
And on his brow the stamp of future fame.

But human life is mutable we find,
And all its prospects of enjoyment here
Are as the vapours, carried with the wind—
They rise, expand, and quickly disappear.

And such alarming instances as this
Ought to excite our diligence to make
Our calling sure—t' obtain that seat in bliss,
Purchas'd by HIM who suffer'd for our sake.

What have I said?—he suffered!—let us turn
Our meditations to that tragic day,
And view his Birth, Life, Suff'rings, and the Urn
Where our Redeemer's sacred body lay.

And first his Birth, celestial muse relate:
The Son of God, was in a stable born—
How low, how mean his first approaching state!—
An introduction of the public scorn.

A rugged manger for his cradle serv'd;
A poor reception for the Son of God!
But angel-guards the tender babe preserv'd,
Where low'ring oxen round him gazing stood.

And when he grew, and gain'd maturer years,
The whole demeanor of his conduct bore
The humble aspect innocency wears—
He for his garb a seamless garment wore.

To do his Father's will, he stood (resign'd)
Against temptations aggravated pow'r;
Healing the sick, restoring lame and blind,
And warning all of death's approaching hour:

Preaching repentance, and inviting all
To come to him, and have their sins forgiv'n;
Commending them to grace, the pow'rful call
And sure director to the gates of heav'n.

But oh! the blind degenerate race of Jews,
Thro' unbelief in Him, the living Word,
Of blasphemy the Son of God accus'd,
And crucify'd at length our blessed Lord.

Oh! horrid deed! here let us pause a while,
And contemplate the agonies he bore;
Nail'd on a cross, our souls to reconcile
To God thro' him, and fallen man restore.

Behold him hanging in acutest pain,
His temples mangled with a thorny crown;
His hands and feet the rugged nails detain,
And from each pore the blood runs trickling down.

His sacred side pierc'd with a pointed spear,
Issues the streams of his redeeming blood:
Judea's region then was made to hear
The dire catastrophe, and trembling stood—

Stood in suspense, to witness Shiloh slain!
While ignominious tortures rend his soul,
Th' temples sacred vail was rent in twain
And nature seem'd convuls'd from pole to pole.

When lo! at length through complicated woe,
And agonizing pain, the Lamb expir'd;
Triumphing over Death and hell below,
While men and devils mock, and saints admir'd.

But mark, my friend—the grave could not retain
The Son of God—the third succeeding day,
By his own mighty pow'r he rose again,
And soon in triumph wing'd the heav'nly way.

And oh! how glorious was his triumph then:
When foes beheld the Lord of life and love
On angel-wings with mighty pow'r ascend,
To meet his Father in the realms of above.

Where now, array'd in majesty supreme,
At God's right hand he deigns to intercede
For fallen man; and thro' his pow'rful name
We find salvation suited to our need.

And oh! may these mysterious acts of God,
Excite our constant and unwearied care,
To tread the paths our dear Redeemer trod,
And witness our salvation purchas'd here.

Then shall we come assuredly to know
That our Redeemer suffered not in vain;
But paid the ransom, smooth'd the vale of woe,
And for us rose, that we might rise again.

PURVIA.

THE ADVICE.

FAIR MATILDA, thy form,
Which the Graces adorn,
So pleasing, so charming to view;
Such ideas impart
As enthralls ev'ry heart,
In rapture they ne'er before knew.

Oh let VIRTUE preside,
And thy actions all guide;
For she still will protect thee with care:
And let PRUDENCE direct,
And thy conduct inspect,
Then *Matilda* thou need not despair.

Since thy Person's divine,
And each charm it is thine;
Since thy heart doth with goodness expand;
May Content fill thy breast,
And *Matilda* be blest
With a Lover that's worthy her hand.

LEONTES.

SELECTED.

THE LITERARY MOUSE.

A FABLE.

.....*Ridiculus Mus.* HOR.

A Mouse of no dull rustic looks,
But one who had a *taste* for books;
At which he'd nibble, like his betters,
And hence was he a *mouse of letters*—
Long in a book-case had he thriv'd,
And deep in musty volumes div'd;
But most luxuriously he fed
On those which *never should be read*;
For need it in your ears be drum'd,
That such for ever are most *thumb'd*?
At length, unhappy, learned moute!
The owner spied thee in thy house.
"A trap!" he cried.—A trap was pos'd,
And soon the savoury cheese was nos'd—
Ah me! what classic could withstand
So fair a bait, so near at hand?
Books now no more employ'd his thought—
He came, he tasted, and was caught.
A father, who this deed had done,
Here turn'd, and thus address'd his son—
"From ev'ry chance, from dawn to dawn,
"Some useful moral may be drawn,
"Observe, my boy, the mouse's fate,
"And warn'd by that, ere yet too late,
"Neglect not books to gratify
"Those appetites where dangers lie